THE COMMONWEAL

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CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM

IN THE stress and strain of the almost intolerable crisis of world affairs, one of the many significant incidents occurring at Vienna recently has received only casual mention in the flood of news despatches and commentaries pouring out of Europe upon us, at a time when our own country, burdened with its own grave problems, can give only a minimum of attention to other affairs. We refer to the celebration in the capital of Austria of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the defeat of the last invading army of the Mohammedans by John Sobieski, the King of Poland, in command of the Christian army of Poles, Germans and Hungarians, at the gates of Vienna. With Chancellor Dollfuss, the little leader of a little nation, desperately rallying the loyal portion of his people against the menace of Hitlerism, a menace which if it should succeed would bring the frightful prospect of another great European war, even now darkly hovering, immediately nearer, the remembrance of the deliverance of Vienna, and with it Christendom itself, two centuries and more ago, is obscured. Yet it may not be altogether fanciful to find in the past event a symbol of promise for the present age. At any rate, the Catholic Congress, which has been meeting in Vienna, has been celebrating the historic deliverance of Christendom with great fervor. Unfortunately, the Catholics of Germany were prevented from attending the Catholic Congress in Austria this year, by the action of the Hitler régime in taxing all German travel into Austria so heavily as to practically prohibit it. Nevertheless the German hierarchy sent fraternal greetings on behalf of all the German Catholics, and the sense of Christian unity in the face of a common danger will undoubtedly be strengthened by the celebrations in Vienna.

For although the Catholics of all Germany were unable to participate in the Catholic Congress in Vienna, it is unquestionable that their deepest spiritual interests were in agreement with the rejoicings over the great Christian victory won by their forefathers in coöperation with the Catholics of Hungary, of Vienna, and of Poland, under whose heroic King, John Sobieski, the Christian forces were then united—even as they are striving to unite today against the modern foes of Chris-

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tian civilization. Naturally, and properly, Polish Catholics have been prominent in the Congress, and in the many religious and civic ceremonies in Vienna in commemoration of Sobieski's victory. In the presence of the Papal Delegate, representing Rome, the center of Catholic unity, a Polish cardinal celebrated Mass on the top of a hill overlooking the city, while a hug choir sang Latin and Polish hymns. Later on there was a civic celebration in the heart of the city with three cardinals, the Austrian President, Chancellor Dollfuss, and the Papal Delegate enthroned, while all the church bells of Vienna pealed and massed bands played the papal anthem. And not only did the thoughts of the vast assemblage recall the service to Christendom of the Christian champion centuries ago, but many no doubt remembered how Poland only a few years ago performed a similar service to threatened Europe when its soldiers—with a Catholic priest giving up his life, crucifix in hand, in their front ranks—threw back and utterly defeated the Bolshevik invaders at the very gates of Warsaw. That was a moment when Europe was as seriously menaced by destruction of all that Christianity has given it as it was when Sobieski smashed the Turkish strength before Vienna.

It is difficult for people of the present age to realize how narrowly the civilization of Europe —and hence the civilization of America—escaped if not utter shipwreck, at least a shattering blow which might easily have disrupted the society of western Europe, when the Turks and Tatars under the green banner of Kara Mustapha, three hundred thousand strong, came streaming into Europe, overthrowing Hungary, and besieging Vienna, the southern gate to central Europe, intending to make Austria and all the adjacent parts a province of Turkey, replacing the cross on St. Stephen's Cathedral with the crescent, and dreaming even of pushing on afterward into Italy to plant the symbol of Mohammed on the great dome of St. Peter's.

The fighting forces of Vienna, and the hapless non-combatants as well, were reduced to starvation, as the Turkish hosts drew their lines tighter and closer about the city. The siege began on July 15 (1683). The Duke of Lorraine had been defeated five miles from Vienna in an effort to drive back the horde from the East. The Emperor and his court fled from the city. Then the siege closed down on all sides. It was not until September 12 that rescue came. For many centuries Christendom had battled with the Mohammedan peril. The Mohammedans had seemed at the point of complete victory, and for centuries had been established in Spain, and never gave up their dream of conquest until that September day two centuries ago which is now being celebrated in Vienna. In a memorable passage in what is perhaps the greatest of his books, "The Everlasting Man," Chesterton calls up the spirits of the great heresiarchs of the past to testify as to the multiple energies of the Faith which prevailed against them. Mohammed speaks, in part, as follows:

"What was this thing that thrust me back with the energy of a thing alive; whose fanaticism could drive me from Sicily and tear up my deep roots out of the rock of Spain? What faith was theirs who thronged in thousands of every class and country crying that my ruin was the will of God; and what hurled great Godfrey as from a catapult over the wall of Jerusalem; and what brought great Sobieski to the gates of Vienna?"

The force that threw back the might of Mohammedanism was, of course, the strength of Christianity when it is united, and when that unity is focused in the personality of a great champion—or many champions. Such a one was Sobieski. The son of a farmer, he had won his way to the throne of Poland in a day when that throne was elective. He won it with his sword in many wars against Cossacks and Turks and Tatars. He had in full measure that passionate patriotism which has kept his nation alive and united in spite of all its disasters and defeats. But that patriotism, in his case, as in that of most Poles, was inspired by a higher force than nationalism alone. To him, as to Poles in general, his country was the eastward rampart of Christendom. "The cause of the Church, the cause of Europe, and the cause of Poland he conceived as one."

Such was the man who marched from Warsaw with thirty thousand Poles to the relief of Vienna, surrounded by ten times as many Turks. But by the time he neared the city on the Danube, Silesian and Moravian Germanic troops had increased his forces to some eighty thousand men. On September 12 he delivered his brilliant attack, a masterpiece of strategy and courage, and before night the Turks were routed. "God for ever be blessed!" wrote Sobieski to his wife. To the Pope, writing from the tent of the Turkish commander, and sending the captured banner of Mohammed, he declared, paraphrasing in a Christian sense the saying attributed to Caesar: "We came—we saw —God conquered." The Church needs such champions today, not on the field of physical warfare, but in the arena where the opposing principles of Christianity and godless paganism are struggling for the mastery of mankind. The intensification of nationalistic rivalries presents to Christians a particularly difficult form of this world-wide struggle. Patriotism to the homeland has always marked the Christian character. Yet when patriotism degenerates into tribal or racial or nationalistic fanaticisms, true Christians must draw the line, and refuse to overstep that line. The primacy of the spiritual must be upheld. The Church of Christ cannot be tribal or racial or national.

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WEEK BY WEEK

AS WE go to press, the news about Cuba is still fairly staccato and high-pitched. "Cuban Régime Hanging On as Finances Crack," declares one headline, "Student Idealism Faces Test in Cuba," declares another which stands beside a third, "Washington Is Relieved by Lull in Cuba; State Department Silently Awaits Events." These three give a pretty complete picture of the situation created by the bloodless uprising of the enlisted men of the Cuban army and the overthrow of the de Cespedes government by that of Grau San Martin. President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull and Ambassador Welles, we believe, have acted in an exemplary manner. All of Latin America was watching the Cuban situation and a false move by Washington would have aroused animosities that would have had widespread and very real adumbrations. We refer not only to trade and financial matters, important as these are, but also to that imponderable element of human good-will which is the true guarantor of peace and of the positives of pleasant human relations. Small minds put their faith in violence, believing that violence inevitably triumphs over non-violence. What can good-will avail against the iron fist, they think. In small immediate matters they do triumph for a while, but violence inevitably wrecks itself and in the long run saner forces prevail. To have interposed violently in the Cuban situation would have delayed the calming of the effervescent passions there. A grim, blood-letting, property-destroying struggle would be a bad exchange for the present skylarking, comic-opera "making ze revoluzion," as they speak of it blithely in Latin America, which we expect will be followed by its soberer mements as is any other spree. Repudiation of her debts by revolution, à la Moscow, no doubt a tempting idea to Cuba, will best be circumvented by firm but not abusive action by this country, the principal creditor.

U. S. and Cuba

THE CHIEF sign of the times on this continent is, of course, the blue eagle. This doughty bird has eclipsed both the Democratic donkey, which was natural enough (even in the Far South, where a blue eagle has heretofore been a calamity symbol, he is accepted), and the Republican elephant, which is something of a test. At this writing, it is true, Mr. Ford has not yet taken to wearing an eagle for a watch-fob; but as ex-President Hoover proudly displays the fowl over his door, the case may be taken as proved. A possibly interesting footnote on the scope of this bird's soaring is furnished by the report that London, Ontario, plans to push the beaver as his rival. What will come of this remains to be seen. A beaver is not long on soaring, but he undoubtedly can make himself felt in the cellarage. In Europe, the sign of the times was the swastika, until the clipped mustache, as severally exemplified (or perhaps the word should be practised) by Herr Hitler and Mr. Chaplin, pushed it off the front page. If the papers can be believed, and what else is there to believe, a wave of anger engulfed the entire Nazi ranks at the report that Mr. Chaplin planned to discontinue the little hirsute adornment (which is artificial) in his future films because it so exactly resembles the one actually rooted on the upper lip of the latest Sturm-und-Dranger. Why, in view of Mr. Chaplin's heredity, the racial purists should be stung by his criticism must remain one of those ethnic puzzles which render history so exciting. The German swastika, incidentally, was attacked from another quarter when the Basques arose to proclaim it their immemorial symbol, and to challenge the Nazi right to use it. Perhaps one last sign of the times might be mentioned, bringing us back to America again: the medal struck off to commemorate the now widely celebrated fact that, in the washroom of the Sands Point Club, an unnamed hero smote Senator Long of Louisiana on the jaw. The published designs of this medallion are striking, both the iron fist and the kingfish physiognomy appearing in the foreground, and the lavatory faucets being finely rendered. Around the design runs the Latin legend: *Publico Consilio pro Re in Camera Gesta.* The reader may render for himself.

Signs of the Times

IT IS interesting to read that the American Psychological Association, meeting in Chicago, was solemnly told in an address that patriotism and family cohesion are the results of nostalgia. It is interesting, that is, less for what it tells us about patriotism and family cohesion (which is not, in truth, a great deal) than for the example it furnishes of the popular sport of verbal evasion. This consists in getting around the task of explaining a phenomenon whose strength and especially whose spiritual content bothers and baffles you, by using scientific terms which clumsily describe those outer aspects and effects of it clearly visible to everyone. Modern psychological jargon of one sort, and especially psychiatric jargon, is full of these illusions of explanation. One familiar example is the description of love as a "biological" and "egoistic" manifestation; to which any rational calf-lover might make reply: "Of course it is; but a manifestation of what?" In the same explanatory vein, religion sometimes turns up as the product of the "myth-making instinct"; though any bright child ought to be expected to retort: "The instinct may produce the myths, but what produces instinct?"

Psychology Explains

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NOW, from Chicago, we receive the penetrating information about the two profound loyalties which the normal individual feels for his two homes on earth—the larger home of his nation and the smaller home of his rooftree—that they are due to nothing less than "nostalgic sentiments." That is, they are due to a yearning for home. That is what nostalgia means. "Nostalgic sentiments," we are told, "are associated not only with place, but also with persons, time and even abstract symbols. Nostalgia is psychogenic in the ordinary sense. . . . It is commonly noted in primitive peoples and therefore is not associated with a particular culture. These nostalgic sentiments have a varied and important rôle in social institutions." And so on. The New York *Times,* to which we are indebted for these excerpts, reports many more words, some about the usual effects of nostalgia and some about the pathological excesses to which it is liable, but all no more to the purpose than those quoted above. One scans them wistfully, the while one's mind reviews the great realities so ineptly broached therein. One's home and one's country! They give one all one has of order and nurture; they give one the human bonds that go deeper than any emotion; they give one the pattern of reality, as it will concern one's mind and soul forever. So enduring is their form, so infinitely ampler than the individual range is their range, yet so specific and true are their satisfactions for him on his whole human side, that the straight conclusion of the unclouded mind is, that they answer a Purpose; they are fitted to man's double need, of largeness beyond himself and of intimacy under his control, by an intending Mind. Pagans, adumbrating this, called them sacred; Christians, fulfilling the meaning of that word, say that in their lawful uses they come from God and are true reflections of the Divine Nature. But the psychologists in Chicago were told, and for aught we know believe, that they come from nostalgia.

THE ENORMOUS audiences which have greeted the renewal of the season of popular priced grand opera at the New York Hippodrome, prove that this venture is no flash in the pan, and Director Salmaggi's announcement of novelties and revivals to be presented this fall is little short of extraordinary. Among the operas never before given in New York and which are to be presented at the Hippodrome before the Metropolitan opens its season in December are Mascagni's "Piccolo Marat," Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," and Gomez's "Guarany." In addition there are to be revivals of several operas unknown to the present generation of music lovers, among them Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," and Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." The cast of singers has been enlarged and strengthened, and though the prices of the best seats are to be only $1.10, and of the cheapest $.25, the performances promise to surpass any ever given in New York by a popular opera company. In presenting opera at such prices Signor Salmaggi has broken new ground and it will be exceedingly interesting to see whether he has educated a new public for the more expensive performances at the Metropolitan or whether he has made a section of the Metropolitan's former public used to paying lower prices for its seats and unwilling to return to the old scale. It was evident at all events that something had to be done in the New York operatic situation, and Signor Salmaggi may prove to be the man who has done it.

Popular Opera Succeeds

HOW DO New Yorkers tell when fall is here? O. Henry, who knew as much about the city as Chesterton knows about life, supplied a sufficient and permanent catalogue for spring: the Bock beer signs appear on Second Avenue (the wheel has come full circle, so this is true still—or true again), and a sudden throwback to winter spoils the girls' Easter finery. But he neglected to say how the denizens of Bagdad-on-the-Subway are to detect the first delicate approaches of the other season of transition—autumn. For them no painted forest or Harvest Home: the leaves in the parks just curl up spiritlessly and die, and as for a harvest moon, no New Yorker would recognize it. He would think it some new kind of advertising balloon. Yet, to the seeing eye, there are signs, none the less. Dark blue coats go back on the policemen, hiding the light, bright blouses that, through the hot months of summer, pleased the beholder's eye and lowered the wearer's temperature. A city edict closes up the sidewalk cafés, about which the sophisticated have been exchanging happy remarks anent New York having become at last a "civilized" eating place. The normal quota of cars—that is, more cars by several million than any city could accommodate or any traffic system deal with—appears by magic to fill up, like a wall, and endlessly crawl through, like a lava river, spaces which for the summer months have been almost identifiable as city streets. Critics agree that all the new plays are bad. Everywhere people plan to save October moving bills by moving early, and discover that everyone else had the same idea, so bills are still up. Then if, finally—to end on the note of the chronicler who knew his city—if the weather you should have had on your rainy seaside vacation, invades with mischievous benison the office where you sit enchained once more you know that autumn has authentically come to New York.

Harbingers of Fall

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OHIO'S SCHOOL CASE

THERE is now being argued before the Ohio General Assembly a question of fundamental importance. In accordance with a law enacted last July each public school in the state will receive an allotment from state funds, amounting to $18 for each child in the elementary grades, and $30 for each child in the high school. A new tax, to raise this special fund, has been levied upon all the citizens of Ohio. It has the character of a sales tax and is therefore made up of the equal contributions of all citizens irrespective of their incomes or property status. Up to this time the public schools have been supported by the local taxes of each school district, with a few so-called "weak" schools being aided by a small, special state fund. Because of the financial emergency affecting all schools in Ohio (as elsewhere throughout the country), ordinary tax sources are inadequate for their support. As the Catholic people of Ohio constitute approximately one-fifth of the population, they will be called upon to pay approximately one-fifth of the new tax, at a time when the Catholic schools are also seriously affected by the financial emergency. As they are already contributing their full share to the local taxes which ordinarily maintain the public schools, as well as supporting schools for about 150,000 Catholic children, they have asked the Ohio legislature to amend the new law to provide the same amount of financial assistance for the religious schools of the state (non-Catholic as well as Catholic) as is granted to public schools. They do not ask for any part of the local taxes, toward which Catholics pay their full share, and which go entirely for the support of the public schools.

The first effort to amend the new tax law failed by only one vote in the last session of the Ohio Senate, but a special committee was appointed to study the question further and to report back to the Legislature at its next session. It is, therefore, believed that there is a reasonable probability that the amendment may be adopted. Information concerning the extreme financial difficulties confronting the Catholic schools of Ohio has been laid before the committee investigating the matter, together with arguments dealing with the legal aspects of the problem. In view of the importance of the subject, the Bishop of Toledo, the Most Reverend Karl J. Alter, has published a pamphlet entitled, "State Support for Religious Free Schools," which is intended to "give such information as will clarify the problem and lead the way to the development of an intelligent and well-considered conviction on the subject." As the same issue, in various aspects, has arisen in other states, and bids fair to become a subject of general public concern, affecting the most fundamental things, Bishop Alter's statement is attracting wide interest. THE COMMONWEAL will publish soon an article written by one of the foremost authorities in Catholic education. It also urges its readers to read Bishop Alter's pamphlet—which is published by *Our Sunday Visitor,* Huntington, Indiana—and to acquaint themselves with the literature of a controversy which very deeply affects their interests, both spiritual and temporal. For quite apart from the special problem of the Ohio case, the question as to whether religious schools are consistent with the American traditions, and prevailing customs, of education is being raised again, in a pressing manner, as a major factor of the general social crisis of the nation.

Bishop Alter raises this question when he quotes from an address by Father John J. Burke, C.S.P., to the annual convention of the National Catholic Educational Association, at St. Paul, as follows: "The true American tradition stands for religion in education. Washington, in his Farewell Address, warned that morality cannot be maintained without religion. The Congress in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787 recognized religion, morality and knowledge as necessary to good government. Presidents Adams, Jefferson, Taft, Harding and Coolidge, among others, in their public utterances, placed a high value on religion. The position of the Catholic body is, therefore, soundly American. If there has been secession from the American spirit, it is not the Catholics who have seceded."

Moreover, as Bishop Alter goes on to show, actual practice was consonant with the original principles guiding education in this country until less than a century ago, for the non-sectarian public school system did not begin until shortly before the middle of the last century, when it took shape under the influence of Horace Mann in Massachusetts, and later on spread to other states, gradually becoming the general system. As Bishop Alter points out, "it is important to keep in mind that the argument advanced in favor of the public schools did not concern itself particularly with the question of religious instruction. The main argument considered in their favor was the desirability of multiplying schools rapidly for the entire population, especially for poor children, and that they should be free to all children in the state. . . . In other words, the public school was a response to an awakened desire for universal and free education, rather than a response to a desire for the elimination of religious instruction in the schools."

Nevertheless, religious instruction did in fact vanish from the public schools, as the only way in which controversies within those schools could be avoided. American Catholics, and Lutherans, and, in various degrees, other religious bodies, set up their own schools. Will the present anomalous and inherently unjust system be maintained, or will it be reformed? This is the great question which may have to be faced soon.

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AUSTRIA AND THE NAZIS

By FRANZ CALICE

The increasing pressure of the Hitler régime upon Austria, in its effort to bring that country within the orbit, and eventually the absolute control, of Berlin, has made this little nation the focus of one of the gravest of all international problems. The struggle of Chancellor Dollfuss against the German Nazis is making history, but what form that history is to assume cannot possibly be forecast now. The present article deals with the facts of the present crisis in a fundamental fashion.—The Editors.

AUSTRIA'S geographical position in the center of Europe, where the great highways from the West to the East cross those from North to South affords a sufficient reason why any event which affects her international situation must always be a matter of universal interest. At no time was this more truly the case than it is at the present moment when the conflict between the German National Socialist party and the government of Dr. Dollfuss is attracting general attention.

I have used the word "conflict" but, to be exact, I should more properly have spoken of the National Socialist attacks on Austria, for the Austrian government has limited its own action to such measures as were necessary to ensure law and order in Austria and has studiously avoided anything in the nature of a counter-attack.

For those who have not followed the development of Austrian home politics it is perhaps not easy properly to appreciate the true inner significance of what is now going on. The fact that the government of the German Reich has been and is still wantonly attacking its southern neighbor and that Dr. Dollfuss and his government have been courageously and successfully defending the independence of the Austrian Republic is a situation of most immediate interest to other nations. But the circumstances attending this attack upon and defense of Austrian independence, if more carefully examined, will show that the issue is a broader one and that it is this broader issue which will in the end prove to be of greater importance for the future of the German people and thereby of Europe generally.

In order to understand the situation we must briefly review the position of the German element in the Austrian Empire before and after the Great War. Outside the countries immediately concerned, it is perhaps not generally realized that, till as late as seventy years ago, Austria formed, and always had formed, part of the Germanic body, and indeed stood at its head. After the political separation which came as a consequence of the war of 1866, German racial feeling in Austria remained an important factor in Austrian internal politics and was kept intensely alive by the difficulty of holding its own in the face of the advance, in numbers and in economic importance, of the non-German elements in the empire. After the catastrophe of the Great War and the dismemberment of the empire, the German provinces of Austria found themselves cut off both politically and economically from the remaining portions of what had been the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and they had become the territories of independent and for the most part hostile states. This state of things resulted in what was known as the *Anschluss* movement, born of a desire for some form of political union with Germany, with which country Austria was already united by bonds of race, language and culture, as well as by ancient historical tradition. It must not, however, be forgotten that the Germanic body had, ever since the beginnings of modern history, been a union, in one form or another, of separate states and not even the most fervent prophets of the *Anschluss* idea dreamt of giving up the distinct and individual existence of the Austrian state within such a federation.

In consequence of the peace treaties and the attitude of the powers, the union of Austria and Germany ceased however to be a question of practical politics. The relations between the German and the Austrian governments, though colored by special friendliness, therefore continued to be merely such as subsist between independent states. This was still the situation when the National Socialist party came into power in Germany.

It is not the object of this article to enter into the question of the origin and rise of the Hitler movement in Germany. It would, however, be unfair not to acknowledge that this movement, which has become known to the world at large chiefly by its more unlovely and deplorable developments, owes its strength to a wave of genuine patriotic feeling which found a ready response in the uncritical enthusiasm of the younger generation. Unfortunately, this movement soon began to develop on more and more avowedly revolutionary lines and, like all revolutions, has bred a fanatical and quite unscrupulous intolerance of any person or party that dares to stand in its way or to question its right to absolute domination. It was thus almost inevitable that the National Socialist movement should fall foul of Austria from the moment it appeared that it would not be able to sweep the board in that country as it had done in the German states.

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From its first beginnings, the Hitler party in Austria had been organized as a branch of the party organization in Germany. As long as the Nazis were in opposition in both countries, this fact was not of great moment; it began to be awkward when the party came into power in Germany —the result being that an Austrian party, then in violent opposition to the government, found itself under the leadership of the executive of a foreign state! Even this state of affairs, though bad enough, might have been palliated by the exercise of a modicum of political tact on the part of the German authorities, for the last thing that Dr. Dollfuss desired was a conflict with Germany. But political tact is not the outstanding quality of the new leaders in Germany, and very soon the Nazi government began openly to join in the campaign which the Austrian Nazis were maintaining against Dr. Dollfuss's administration. The first overt act was a threatening speech by the Bavarian Minister of Justice who shortly after took the highly irregular step of visiting Vienna without previously informing the Austrian authorities and giving a speech at a Nazi meeting in that city in which he publicly attacked the chief of the Austrian government! It is unnecessary to enumerate in detail the series of attacks on Austria which have continued in various forms from that day to this. They are known to readers of the daily press and have ranged from serious political and economic measures down to mere pin-pricks. All of them have been remarkable for their complete disregard, not only of the rules of international courtesy, but even of definite treaty obligations.

Among the earliest and most characteristic is the tax of 1,000 marks ($250)—amounting to practical prohibition—on journeys to Austria. This tax was especially leveled at the summer resorts in Tyrol and Salzburg which depend to a great extent on German visitors. What made this regulation the more unfriendly was the alleged reason: that the wearing of the National Socialist emblem might cause unpleasantness in Austria. At that time, not only was the Swastika worn openly and without hindrance in Austria, but the 1,000 mark penalty was not exacted in the case of countries (such as Czechoslovakia) where such prohibition was a fact. The payment of the 1,000 marks may however be remitted in a good cause: it is a melancholy fact that the Munich police remitted this tax in the case of a young man who traveled to Austria with the express object of an attempt on the life of some of the Austrian political leaders who were particularly obnoxious to the Nazi party.

The general effect of all these attempts upon the political and economic welfare of the Austrian people has certainly not answered the expectations of those who set them in motion. The Austrian government have kept their heads and have not let themselves be drawn into retaliatory measures against German interests or German nationals. They have even till now refrained from aggravating the situation by an appeal to other powers or even to the League of Nations. On the other hand, the very virulence of German agitation has, by a natural reaction, called forth a wave of Austrian patriotism and a determination on the part of the great majority of the Austrian people not to let their country and traditions be put into the revolutionary melting-pot. In taking this determined stand, they are at the same time convinced that they are acting in the best interests of German culture generally, and they cannot doubt that they have the silent sympathy of all that portion of the German people which has not been carried away by revolutionary fanaticism. Unfortunately, that part of the German people (which I believe to be a very large one) is quite unable to make its voice heard today.

The National Socialist party in Austria, though affiliated to the German party organization, differed from the party in Germany in one important respect. Whereas the Social Democratic party was in power in Germany and Communism was a great and growing danger, the government of the Austrian Republic had for years been in the hands of the Christian Social (Catholic) party and its allies, and Communism was almost nonexistent. The fight against Social Democracy and Communism, which played such a great part in the rise of the Hitler movement, should have found the Austrian partizans of that movement on the side of the government. Instead of this, they joined with their supposed opponents of the Left in attacking the administration. In the early days this policy seemed inexplicable: later developments have shown that the National Socialist party is not willing to share power with any other and that it is therefore equally the enemy of all other party organizations, whatever their politics.

There is unfortunately no doubt that Nazi agitation had for some time succeeded in acquiring a certain following in Austria, chiefly among the younger generation. The economic situation and especially the almost hopeless prospect of finding work under present circumstances inclined the youth of Austria, as well as that of Germany, to listen to the lure of the agitator. It must also be confessed that the older parties had shown signs of stagnation, and politics were tending to degenerate into jobbery. This was true even of the Christian Social party before Dr. Dollfuss's administration infused new life into it, so that many people who were disgusted with the other parties, lent an ear to the promises of the National Socialists who at least seemed lively. The Pan-German party, in particular, lost a great part of its electorate to the National Socialists. The Austrian character is however not naturally given

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to extremes. The Austrian is perhaps less full of energy than the North German (who is apt to look upon him as weak-minded) but he is certainly less given to put theory before common sense. Therefore, though he may be led away for a while, revolutionary propaganda does not really appeal to his nature. The great influence of the Catholic Church on the vast majority of the population of Austria also makes for conservatism and is against extremist agitation of any kind. The effect on the great mass of the people, both of the German measures and of the terrorist acts perpetrated by Austrian or German Nazis, has therefore been, on the whole, to scare away any but the most convinced adherents of the movement and to justify the repressive measures which the government found necessary for the maintenance of law and order. The situation is therefore distinctly encouraging and Dr. Dollfuss can be congratulated on having, so far, not only maintained, but even decidedly improved, his position.

At the same time, it must not be supposed that all danger is past. The economic situation remains precarious and, though the efforts of the government have succeeded in adapting budget expenditure to the reduced revenue, a point has been reached where further retrenchment cannot but cause much discontent. The international loan which Austria has at last obtained after innumerable delays will certainly ease matters to some extent, and it is to be hoped that the sympathies which have been expressed toward Austria on all hands may result in something more tangible than good wishes, valuable as such moral backing may be. The efforts which Austria is making to improve her commercial relations with other states and to attract foreign visitors to her mountains and lakes may be fruitful of good results if seconded by the active good-will of other nations. As for relations with Germany, there is as yet no prospect of improvement and indeed, as long as the National Socialist party holds to its claim of "totality," it is hard to see how things can change. There are, however, signs that the evolution of the National Socialist party is not yet at an end and it is to be hoped that in a future stage of its development more moderate tendencies may prevail. If that should be the case, as is devoutly to be hoped, an understanding with Austria should not be difficult, as that country only asks to be allowed to settle her own affairs in her own way.

GUY DE FONTGALLAND

By JOSEPH B. CODE

"THERE will be saints among the children," said Pope Pius X, not long after he had promulgated his decree favoring early and frequent Communion. This was a prophecy that seems to have a striking fulfilment in the case of little Guy de Fontgalland, who is at present known throughout the world as "The Angel of the Eucharist."

Guy was born in Paris, November 30, 1913, the son of Count Pierre de Fontgalland and his wife, the Countess Marie Renée Mathevon-de Fontgalland, well-known citizens of the French capital. Outwardly, Guy was a typical modern boy, lively, blithe, intensely interested in all those things that go to make childhood such an interesting experience. At the age of seven he made his First Holy Communion. Three years later, he died in Paris, the victim of diphtheria. But scarcely had he ceased to breathe, when the story of his life spread over all France. Before many weeks it had reached the farthermost parts of the world. Eight months after his death his mother received from the present Pope a letter expressing his joy that "one more flower, scarce unfolded here below, had spread around it so beautiful an odor of piety." A few years later, Cardinal Dubois, of Paris, wrote of him: "His name is known and praised, his memory is invoked, and many of those who have prayed to him, cast their flowers in recognition on his tomb."

But what is the explanation of the enthusiasm of the world for a child who at the time of his death was utterly unknown outside his home and the circle of a few chosen friends? It is the way he went to God, simply and directly, a way that is within the reach of all. The Curé d'Ars, in reply to the question, "How must one go to God?" said, "Dead straight, my friend, like a cannon-ball." And little Guy went to Him straight, simply by loving Him more than anything else in the world, even more than his father and mother. His love for God began very early. Not that there was anything precocious or abnormal about it; there was not. His intimacy with Christ is only remarkable in that it was so normal, so natural. He loved "his Jesus" almost as instinctively as he loved his mother.

In Father Lawrence L. McReavy's splendid biography, "Guy de Fontgalland," recently published (London: Alexander-Ousley), is the story of a visit Guy made to his grandmother's home when he was only three years old. As mischievous as most boys are at that destructive age, Guy had caused his grandmother no little trouble dur-

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ing his visit. At last she felt constrained to put a certain end to his annoying escapades. "Guy," she said, "the little Jesus is in the hearts of good children, but when they are noisy or misbehave, He leaves their little hearts and goes away." Guy was much struck by this remark, and that night asked his mother if the "little Jesus to Whom he prayed night and morning, Who was in heaven, and in that little house in the churches, this Jesus Who came under the form of a little white Host into big people's hearts, was He really then in little Guy's heart?" When assured by his mother that He had been in his heart since the day of his baptism, he jumped up on the bed and danced for joy. In the morning, at his awakening, he called out: "Mother, I have been dreaming of the little Jesus all night long."

Often after that day he would stop in the middle of his play in order to find out if Jesus was still in his heart, importuning his mother to put her ear to his breast, and reassure him that he possessed the beloved Presence. One day his mother wearied by his demands said: "No. You have roused your baby brother with your trumpet. Little Jesus is gone from your heart!" Then, according to Father McReavy:

> Guy, crestfallen, hurled away his toy, and remained stock-still for a moment or two. A tear glistened in his great blue eyes. Gone! Jesus, his Jesus Whom he loved so much, his best and dearest friend! Oh, no! He must have come back.
>
> "Mother, mother, listen again, do!"
>
> She stooped, bent her head briskly to the little breast: "Oh, you're far too tiresome! You disturb me every second. No. I can't hear little Jesus. He's not back."
>
> Guy recoiled in distress, his little hands clenched: "Yes, He is, mother. Jesus is back in my heart. You don't hear Him, no! But I—I feel Him there."
>
> He felt Him there in more senses than one. Every pulse of his heart now served to remind him of the Divine Presence, but when the infusion of God's light, or the ardor of God's love speeded up his heart's beating, then more than ever did he feel Jesus to be there, and then more than ever did he hearken.

When the time came for him to hope for the real sacramental union which admission to the Sacred Table would bring him, he prepared for that "Great Day" with an earnestness extraordinary in a child of seven. He collected and noted down all the little sacrifices which he was to offer Jesus at His coming. Meanwhile he endeavored in many unusual ways to arouse himself to perfect contrition. "No, mother," he said during an instruction on the four last things, "do not talk to me of those things; just about little Jesus, Who suffered for me on the cross. . . . It is that, you see, that makes me sorry for my sins."

His immediate preparation was a retreat at S. Honoré d'Eylau, given by Abbé Callon. Fortunately, Guy preserved the little *cahier* in which he had written, after each instruction, his own personal reactions to the words of the retreat-master. Ending with three resolutions, he adds, as well, the following sentence: "My Jesus, bless me and grant that I may love You always with all my heart." Father McReavy says:

> "Love You with all my heart." He chooses for his spiritual bouquet the one thing that matters, that love which makes the Little Flower a saint despite the littleness of her sacrifices, and Mary Magdalen a saint despite the greatest of her sins. Of the innocent and of the penitent it can be said with equal truth: "She hath loved much." It is the secret of their sanctity, and of all sanctity.

It was on Trinity Sunday, May 21, 1921, that Guy received his "little Jesus" for the first time. At last it was possible for him to tell his Beloved that he would renounce everything—his father, his mother, his home, his title, his career, everything—to become a priest, to make Him known everywhere, even among the heathens, where no priest had ever penetrated. But no sooner had he received the Silent Whiteness and folded his arms tight upon his breast, than he heard a Voice, low yet unutterably clear, which said: "My little Guy, I shall take you; you will die young; you will not be My priest; I desire to make you My angel." He listened stupefied. To die, to die soon, to die before he could work for Jesus! But he stammered "Yes," and returned to the side of his parents.

When he realized that soon he would be with Jesus for all eternity, an angel in brightness with his Beloved, the sweetness of the thought betrayed itself in his eyes, and drew a quick inquiry from his mother. But he said nothing. It was to be his secret! And here is where the marvel of this child's life enters in: he kept this secret deep in his own heart, revealing it only three years later, when he was dying.

During these three years he lived a truly mystical life, a life of constant union with Christ in the Holy Eucharist. He nourished this new-found intimacy with frequent, if not daily, Holy Communion. The intervals between his Eucharistic encounters were bridged by those delicious intimacies which only the saints enjoy. Life had become for Guy one long Spiritual Communion. One night his mother found him lying wide-awake in bed, long after the time of his retiring. "What, Guy," she said, "are you not asleep?" "No, mother," he replied, "I'm chatting." "But you're quite alone," she answered. "You don't understand," he said, "I'm chatting with little Jesus."

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One day, his mother inquired of him what he had asked of Jesus the day of his First Communion. "I asked Him nothing," he said, "nothing; it was He Who spoke to me. . . . I listened and just said 'Yes.'" Not long afterwards he exclaimed, "The loveliest word that one can say to God is 'Yes.'"

In July of 1924, Guy was taken to Lourdes. The day of his last visit, as he knelt at the Grotto, he heard a voice say: "My dear little Guy, I shall come to take you soon. I shall come to seek you on a Saturday, in the arms of your mamma, to bear you straight to heaven." Guy knew it was the voice of the Immaculate. The secret he had kept for nearly three years was now at last nigh to fulfilment.

On the night of December 7-8, he was suddenly stricken with an attack of diphtheria. His parents, hastening to his side, found him already in the throes of suffocation. Then it was that he gasped out his story, in the middle of the night, with his arms around his mother.

> "Mother, dear little Mother, come into my arms, so I can hug you tight, for I've a secret to tell you, a secret that's going to make you cry. I'm going to die. . . . Our Lady's coming to take me. . . . When I was seven, and made my First Communion, Little Jesus told me He would take me. . . . He just said . . . 'My little Guy, I shall take you, you will die young.' . . . Why did I not tell you sooner? Why because it would have made you suffer. . . . But tonight, now that for the first time in my life I feel really ill, I had to let you know, . . . poor dear Mother. Yes, it's made me suffer, . . . this idea of dying young, . . . of leaving you, you especially, and Mark, and Dad, . . . but since the Good God wants me, I let myself be taken. . . .
>
> "And you remember at Lourdes, in July, that day I came back from the Grotto, and said to you as I was unfolding my serviette at lunch, 'The Blessed Virgin has told me a secret.' And you said, 'Tell me quickly.' And I said, 'No, secrets are for two, not for three: this isn't for telling.' . . . Well, the secret Our Lady told me was: 'My dear little Guy, I shall come soon to take you; you are going to die young; I'm coming to seek you, and to carry you up to heaven.'"

Six weeks he lay in agony, unfolding every day to his wondering mother the beauties which three years of intense Eucharistic union, and a little lifetime of mystical consort with Christ, had woven into the garment of his baptismal innocence. His mother seldom left his side; when she did, he would turn in his loneliness to the Guest of his heart, and drown his pain in the sweetness of their intimacy. "When my heart is hurting," he would say, "I say to little Jesus: 'Calm it down, You Who are inside there.'"

He spoke often now of heaven. When his mother once asked him how he pictured heaven, he replied in surprise, "But mother, I don't picture heaven! Heaven for me . . . is simply Jesus."

The dawn of January 24, 1925, brought an end to his last long night of suffering. Guy, finding on inquiry that it was Saturday, calmly announced: "It's today, her day, that Our Lady is coming. . . . It will be very gentle . . . my breath will just stop coming. . . . Then when I can no longer speak, or tell Jesus my love, you will rest Him on my lips, so that I may kiss Him still. . . ."

Noon found him very much weakened. Fifty minutes later the end came quickly, and just as gently as he had promised. Jesus and Mary had tarried only until the priest had completed the last anointing. Guy opened wide his eyes, a smile lighted up his face, and stretching out his arms toward something he seemed to see beyond the foot of the bed, he cried: "Jesus . . . I love you. . . . Maman!" This term of loving intimacy Guy used often when speaking of Our Lady. With that his soul passed into eternity.

"The Angel of the Eucharist," as Bishop Paget of Valence has called him, sums up in a single phrase the reason of Guy's sanctity and the character of his mission. An astounding mass of evidence has been gathered by those in charge of his cause for canonization. Cardinal Cerretti says: "One sees the action of the Eucharist, and what it can produce when Jesus comes in the Sacred Host to take possession of a child-soul which has lost none of its baptismal splendor." Cardinal Binet proclaims him "the child marvel of modern times." Indeed he has drawn to his side, and through himself, to Christ, people from every walk of life and from every quarter of the earth. Miracles have been attributed to his intercession, and from all parts of the world petitions are being made that he be raised to the honors of the altar.

His simple story carries a message to Catholic parents and Catholic teachers who may learn from his short life the treasure that is theirs in every unspoilt soul over which they have any influence. Not every child can be a Guy de Fontgalland. God distributes His more precious gifts to those most worthy of their reception. But rash indeed is he who would set limits to the possibilities of Divine action once frequent and fervent Communion, as well as devoted parental care, have prepared the soul for the working of the Holy Spirit. Home influences build up or destroy the spirituality of the children, and if they imbibe a sense of what they are about to receive when they approach the Holy Table from parents imbued with the love of the Blessed Sacrament, the resulting fervor will make the home the antechamber of heaven, and more of our children "angels of the Eucharist."

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BEYOND THE NRA

By EDGAR SCHMIEDELER

FOR the present the NRA is holding the center of the stage and the Department of Agriculture is remaining quietly behind the scenes. But agriculture has been in the spotlight a number of times since the program of the new deal began. The Agricultural Adjustment Act is already at work quietly doing its part. What is more, agriculture is certain to come to the fore again. In fact, the rural scene gives promise of being the most important and outstanding one of all in the great drama of reconstruction. There are many who are already looking beyond the NRA to the future efforts of the present administration in the rural field.

Through the National Industrial Recovery Act, Uncle Sam is at present busied playing the rôle of physician to our prostrate industrial colossus. He is engaged in applying the pulmotor in the hope of making new life course through the veins of the giant again, and the questions uppermost in the minds of the vast American audience anxiously looking on are these: Will he succeed? And if the patient recovers, will any harmful after-effects remain? In other words, will the great mass of our unemployed soon be back at work again? Certainly these are questions of greatest import to all.

There is little doubt that the average person is expecting great things from the NRA. Yet it is equally true that only the most sanguine optimist can hope that the complicated industrial organism of our country will immediately be made to function with fullest satisfaction and greatest effectiveness again. There are, as a matter of fact, a great number who are convinced that the industries of the nation will never again be able to absorb all the unemployed man-power of our cities. Hence they feel that a considerable shift of our population from the large urban centers to more rural parts is the only measure that can permanently cut down our bread lines and provide a more secure and more wholesome living for all. Naturally, these look beyond the NRA.

To appreciate the conviction of this latter group one has only to glance back over a brief period of our history. This will readily convince one that fundamentally our present economic and industrial debacle is not the result of the World War or of any other recent event alone, but that it is the accumulated result of our entire industrial growth and expansion and is most closely linked with the shift of our population from rural parts to urban centers.

This great flight from the land to the city took place with the utmost rapidity. Only fifty years ago, for instance, our population was still about three-fourths rural. Today it is less than one-half rural, and at best only one-fourth of our people actually live upon the land. Without let or hindrance our people rushed from the country. Without plan or organization our mighty cities sprang up overnight. And while thousands upon thousands were being added to our urban populations, the machine began gradually to rob men of their jobs. The ten million women who entered industry helped further to unsettle the labor market. Criminal injustices began more and more to characterize our rapidly growing industry. A great variety of serious social evils speedily developed. Social and economic indigestion set in. The industrial and financial system slowed down. The whole social organism became clogged, surfeited, sick almost unto death. And today our country, the wealthiest nation of the world, finds itself with millions of its people unemployed and with other millions, their dependents, facing permanent idleness and destitution.

Is there any wonder that many hesitate to believe that the stimulation of our industries and even the correction of their grossest injustices will heal such a situation? Is there any wonder that they are convinced that nothing less than a return from the city to the land, a remodeling of the entire structure of our country along the lines of its earlier plan, can effectually lead the nation back to normalcy again and effect a permanent cure?

Fortunately, there is much evidence that the present administration is keenly interested in such a redistribution of our population. Some even say that it is its major policy. Certainly many of the efforts of the administration to date fit in very well with such a scheme. The Agricultural Adjustment Act, seeking to place farming on a basis of equality with urban industry and to lift the farmer's crushing burden of debt, the huge Tennessee Valley project with its tremendous possibilities for sending the magic power of electricity to the countryside, forestation and other activities, all point to a planned policy and program of population reallocation.

Redistribution is, as a matter of fact, already taking place on a large scale. An estimate made in the case of one of our larger cities shows, for example, a loss of 25 percent of its population since 1929. During the same period over 2,000,000 returned to farms and large numbers to villages and small communities.

As far as an actual return to farming is concerned, there is, of course, the unquestioned danger of flooding the agricultural market. To

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prove wholly beneficial, therefore, such a return to the soil must be accompanied by an increase in subsistence farming, that is, farming for a living first, and a decrease in commercialized farming, or the raising of cash crops for the market, as well as by a substitution of small farms for some of our larger ones—both developments, however, that can be heartily approved of.

But another way of reallocating our population aside from that of an actual return to farming has put in its appearance. The past few years have witnessed a flight of industries from larger cities to the country, and apparently this is to continue apace with the further growth of our lines of electrical power. This new development should naturally lead to the creation of a relatively new type of population, one that is neither strictly rural nor strictly urban, but a combination of the two, a population engaged part time in industry and part time on their small plots of land. It is this means of distributing our population that the government seems particularly interested in and determined to foster. In fact, special provision for experimentation along this line has been made in the Industrial Recovery Act itself. It sets aside $25,000,000 "to provide for aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers."

This part of the act is to be under the supervision of the Secretary of the Department of the Interior and in announcing recently the appointment of a director for this work, the Secretary, Mr. Ickes, stated its purpose more specifically as follows: "This unit in the Interior Department will deal with encouraging the development of a type of rural-urban arrangement whereby industrial workers may be given the opportunity to live on plots of land near their place of employment sufficient to produce gardens and a part of their family living." And he added: "Although the project is still in its formative stage, it is expected to develop nation-wide scope and it is to be dovetailed with the President's unemployment and public works program." Certain utterances of the President have been along the same line.

All this is indeed encouraging. Such a development will take time, it is true, but it gives genuine promise of ultimate success if vigorously pushed to its final conclusion. With more small farms, with fewer large cities, and with a generous crop of "urban" communities, we shall have real reason to expect a permanent cure for our present distressful maladies. We shall also have reason to expect our civilization to turn aside again from the speedy road to destruction on which it has of recent years set itself. But of course all this looks considerably beyond the NRA.

One can readily see many ways in which this contemplated redistribution of our population would prove very helpful to the Church in her work of saving souls. It is safe to say that the best place for the Church's endeavors is neither in an extremely isolated spot nor in a crowded urban beehive, but in a relatively small community or village. But it is likewise true that an extensive reallocation, particularly if rapidly developed, would also involve some serious problems for the Church. It would undoubtedly necessitate renewed efforts on her part to provide the faithful with necessary facilities for religious worship and instruction. Then, too, it would involve the danger of many wandering entirely beyond the ministrations of the Church as was so frequently done in the days of the pioneer. This danger, however, should not be as difficult to cope with today as it was in earlier times. The Church is better established today. Her diocesan centers are found in every section of the land. And what is more, there is now readily at hand a special agency to assist her in this work. This agency, known as the Diocesan Rural Life Bureau, has for one of its chief purposes the direction of immigrants from without the diocese as well as migrants within its confines to suitable places within reasonable distance of church facilities. This type of bureau has sprung up, as it were, overnight. Less than a year ago, realizing that he could not satisfactorily direct those landward bound who applied to the national Catholic Rural Life Bureau for guidance, unless his efforts were in some way seconded by some local agency, the writer suggested the establishment in each of the predominantly rural dioceses of the country of a special bureau to undertake this work. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, with the result that, to date, seventeen dioceses have responded, while several others are contemplating the establishment of such bureaus in the immediate future.

This is all most highly encouraging and represents perhaps the most striking development in the entire Catholic Rural Life Movement of this country. It gives definite promise that the rural Church will be found ready and prepared to assist her children in an organized and effective manner when they come to her in the country. There is little question that these diocesan bureaus are bound to play a most vital part in the future development of the Church in this country.

It would be a most interesting and highly practical experiment to see one of these diocesan agencies, ably manned and working under the direction of the chief pastor of the diocese, undertake, with the generous coöperation of the government, the establishment of one of the small industrial units that are being contemplated. There is certainly as much reason to believe that the experiment would prove successful under such an arrangement as under any other that could be tried. And with one such successful Catholic colony estab-

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lished, why should not many others speedily follow?

The benefits from such a development on a large scale that would redound to the good of the Church and to the welfare of souls would be difficult to estimate. Small and thoroughly Catholic groups are unquestionably ideal centers for the Church's work.

The Catholic Rural Life Conference has long been speaking of building 10,000 strong rural parishes in this country. Here apparently is the chance to begin this gigantic undertaking. It would be a pity to pass up the opportunity, for it may never come again.

THE END OF MANHATTAN

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

THE STREET on which I live happens to be a river, and up at the corner, which is only a short block of water away, our little thoroughfare, the Harlem, joins the main boulevard, the Hudson. The confluence is spanned by the Spuyten Duyvil railroad bridge which links Manhattan to the rest of New York State. Sometimes in these reaches the Harlem is called the Old Ship Canal, or Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

From my windows I look across the water to the wooded slope which must be about the last ten cents' worth of our twenty-four dollar island. It seems to be as deeply forested as it was when the Dutch bought it from the Indians. The section is called Inwood and I like to think this is an abridgment of Indian Wood. Any quantity of arrow-heads and Indian pot-holes have been discovered thereabouts.

I have watched the end of the island through all the seasons, hand-fast with the elements, with snow and rain and wind. Watching it, I have difficulty remembering that the other end of this same island is towered with skyscrapers and honeycombed with the offices of our merchant princes who carry on their enterprises in the purlieus of Wall Street, the Battery and Whitehall.

Here there is nothing but rocks and trees; one of them, a tulip tree, is perhaps the oldest tree on all Manhattan Island. In the quiet water the foliage gives the rounded promontory a nimbus, not of light, but of shadow to wear about its feet instead of its head. Whenever you look there is always that dark semicircle of shadow, the mark of the land lying on the water. Considering the other end of Manhattan with its enormous buildings, I sometimes wonder if the island won't at last become a little top-heavy and tip into the sea. Perhaps it has become so already. That may be why this end is a high promontory, like a boat of which the stern is so laden that the prow rises out of the water.

I suppose living on the river here is much the same as living in Holland or on the Grand Canal in Venice. One sees no pedestrians; only the river-craft plying back and forth in a stream of traffic that varies with the hour of the day and with the seasons. In the winter when there are boreal winds and the end of Manhattan is hooded with snow, the water-way is practically deserted. Only scows and coal-barges defy the bad weather, and precious few of them. The chief tenants of the water are the gulls. In the winter months they come up from the Lower Bay by the thousands, circling and recircling the island's end. It is nice to see them against the blue. Idealists. But the minute the tide goes out, leaving a fringe of mud along the shore, they forget their wings, they forget the sky. They drop in the mud like clay-birds on sticks, as if they never knew how to fly. Scavengers. And they make an unconscionable amount of noise with their shrilling and their chatter. I like it, though, because it has in it somehow the sound of the open sea. When summer comes they all disappear, probably to wider waters. All but a few old, disheartened ones who doubtless have rheumatism of the wings.

Other sorts of birds skim the waters in summer: speed-boats with feathers of foam; light shells with half a dozen oars for wings; black crows of tugs, wearing, however, a plume of white in their tails. One boat which heralds the spring is a little sight-seeing craft which starts at the Battery and circumnavigates the island. It comes up along the Speedway, pauses while the captain signals the high-priest to open the bridge, and gives its trippers time to stare at the wooded promontory which seems to be much the same as it was when Hendrik Hudson's Half Moon passed this way. Perhaps the Half Moon might be called New York's first sight-seeing boat. Tradition has it that Hendrik lay up for a while in the little cove on the leeward side of the island's end. It is still called Half Moon Cove. When the trippers have stared enough the bridge swings open, the boat sails into the Hudson and down the other side of the island, and the waters proceed to smooth out the back-wash and mend the broken nimbus at the rounded base of the promontory.

Now and then I see what I call a convict ship going by—big scows loaded to the gunwales with brand new subway cars. They are all going to do time in the dark tunnels of the Interborough. It is sad to see them on a bright morning, knowing they are having their last glimpse of wheeling gulls and silver water. Condemned to Devil's Island—New York.

And then there is the drama of the railroad. I used to resent the railroad because it held you off from the river with its swords of shining steel. In books, more especially books of poetry, people always wander by the grassy brink of a river. Here you couldn't do that unless you elected to walk the ties. There is no grassy brink. Just a cinder bed. However, what is lost from the old tradition is more than made up for by the stirring spectacle which the railroad puts on.

What if you can't wander by the shore? You can watch the Twentieth Century fly by every afternoon at about four-forty-five, and you can watch it come back from Chicago any morning at eight-thirty. You can, if you like, time your eggs by it. And certainly you can use it to stir your imagination. You can think of its being out there seeing the lions on the steps of the Art Institute, or fraternizing with the Lake Shore Drive. And

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you can think, over your toast, of all the intermediate places it has been, of Buffalo and the lost herds, of Niagara and the lost waters.

At night the Montreal Express goes thundering over the tracks. Even in your bed you can easily tell the difference between locals and through-trains. Through-trains have a heavier rhythm on the rails. You can go almost anywhere, still lying in your bed, to the Laurentian Mountains, to the Adirondacks, to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Spinning through space. Spinning through darkness. The trains as they go throw out actual touches of enchantment. The white walls of the room where I sleep flash with strange brightnesses.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white."

The witch in this case is the electrified third rail. Once in a storm the lightning struck a cable and the rails burned with a weird sulphurous light over yards and yards of track.

Sometimes there is to be heard a strange moaning in the darkness. The keening of banshees? No. Cows in the tumbril of a freight car, mooing on their way to the guillotine. Then the train gets under way. The sound dissolves into the night. The whistle of the locomotive blows a far-away taps. And it is gone.

Usually you can tell by the sounds what sort of weather is abroad. The clear voice of a bell commanding the engineer to reverse the engine; the same voice blurred a little by fog; the same voice muffled by snow. You can even tell by the sound of the whistles whether or not there is rain in the air.

One night in autumn I heard an owl hooting in the woods. Owls may be unbelievable in what is known as the metropolitan area. But actually it is the metropolitan area which is unbelievable here.

Late in the fall and early in the spring fishermen sit out on this remote tip of land. The famous North River shad are gone, of course, long since, but they catch an occasional striped bass and always porgies, which for some reason they call Lafayettes. Sometimes they catch the anchor of boats that are lying in the cove.

Often I see a little grey boat which I think must be a police boat. Our "street" has to be patrolled. And once when the piles under the bridge burst into flames, a fire-boat came to put it out.

Only freights go over the railroad bridge, but there used to be a passenger train called the Dolly Varden which ran over the tracks once a day in order to keep the franchise. It had only a single car. I don't suppose it ever carried a passenger. I never see it any more.

The end of the island is very fresh and green in the spring, and the coloring of the leaves in autumn is magnificent. Nevertheless, I think I like it best in the winter when the trees are gaunt and bare against the sky. Or when the woods are fair with snow. Then the gulls, flying from the land to the water, look like bits of snow taking wing. Or the white caps marching down the river seem to be regimented gulls, the wind being in command. In February when the river is full of ice-floes the gulls actually ride the water. For them there is no franchise. They beat their way, each one spectacularly riding the prow of his little ice-ship like a miniature Victory of Samothrace. When the ice is in the river the tides make a great to-do; the waters stand more on the order of their going. If you open the casement you can hear them rushing and roaring by on their way to the sea.

Every night at dusk, winter and summer, someone builds a fire in the little cove of the island near the railroad bridge. Perhaps it is a tramp cooking his evening meal. Perhaps it is a section hand burning old railroad ties. Perhaps it is the ghost of an Indian signal fire which I only imagine I see. At any rate the light of that fire burning in the blue dusk seems to be a link with the past. Not that there are not plenty of lights around. To the south of the promontory the sky is always under the influence of New York's Light and Power Company. On murky nights the mist catches the light and spreads it in mauve and amber blankets all over the sky. To the west are the Palisades, always starred with light. And up over the top of the island, where the land begins to slope away, there can be seen a jeweled fragment of the George Washington Bridge.

But these are all twentieth century lights. Only the fire of the hobo cooking his supper belongs to the past. There on the edge of the woods, the very tip-end of Manhattan, the Interborough or the New York Central or the Edison Company hasn't touched him. His simple wood-burning fire seems to be the last outpost of civilization. Only it happens to be within the limits of the second largest city of the world.

A Boy, A Lake, A Sun

My little boy, the vast, still lake,
And the big low sun
Keep each other company,
Now the day is done.

The child is quiet, and his curls
Are full of evening light,
He sits in utter confidence
On the edge of night.

A little golden bubble cast
Up from eternity,
The sun is just as much his friend
As the evening bee.

He does not know that he is small
Or different or apart.
The sun is not a grander thing
Than a daisy's heart.

But he is pleased to have me come
And moves to let me sit
Beside him and the setting sun,
And I am proud of it.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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COMMUNICATIONS

LORD THAT I MAY SEE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Because of the reference to braille transcription, the interesting communication of Mr. Leo R. O'Neill from Puerto Rico, in the September 1 issue of your valuable weekly, sent me scurrying to find the July 21 number in which appeared the editorial, "Lord that I May See."

As a humble transcriber of Catholic books for the use of the blind, Mr. O'Neill's belief that "there must be many Catholic men and women who would enjoy writing in braille" finds an echo in my own thoughts and in the hope of stimulating interest in this very worthy—but seemingly little known—Catholic charity, I am prompted to send the following brief survey of the Xavier Free Publication Society for the Blind, at 136 West 97th Street, New York City.

The society was founded in 1900 and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in 1904. Its aim is to place gratuitously within the reach of the blind throughout the United States and Canada the choicest books in every branch of Catholic literature—secular and religious—of which they have been hitherto wholly deprived.

In 1900 there was in the United States only one Catholic book published in braille, "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, a few copies of which had been transcribed as a tribute to the author. At that time, the great need of Catholic literature for the sightless was brought to the attention of Reverend Joseph Stadelman, S.J., by a blind lady, who informed him that the blind were taught to read and write in raised type in the institutions where they were educated, but, after the completion of their courses, in spite of the large federal and state appropriations, there was no source from which the sightless could obtain Catholic books to read. Cut off in many instances from attending sermons and lectures, and unable to procure anything to read that was Catholic in trend or thought, not a few blind people grew indifferent to religion and, in some cases, lost their faith entirely. Realizing the spiritual, as well as educational and recreational need, Father Stadelman decided to take up the task of providing Catholic books and establishing a free circulating library for the blind.

The work of transcribing by hand is slow and tedious, but at the time there were no machines to plate books—a method which corresponds (in effect) to printing. Father Stadelman consulted Mr. Waite, of the School for the Blind, then at 9th Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, where Grover Cleveland taught at one time. Mr. Waite was endeavoring to perfect a machine to emboss books and was so impressed by the enthusiasm and zeal shown by Father Stadelman that, though not a Catholic, he promised the priest the first machine that could be put together. It was very crude and not very practical, but after a long series of mishaps and experiments, a working machine was finally devised, and today two big presses in the library are in use plating books in braille. When books are plated, the work that hand transcribers do on paper is done by the machines on metal plates, from which many copies may be run off; but this method is very expensive. A printed book of usual size may run into five or six volumes of braille and costs approximately one hundred dollars a volume. When these multiple copies are available, however, through the generous donations of some benefactor, Father Stadelman presents a copy to each Public Library in the United States that has a department for the blind, thus placing Catholic books on the shelves for general use.

The usual life of a book in braille is fifteen years because the fingers of the blind are very sensitive and their gentle touch does not injure the book through the course of many years.

Since 1918 the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, coöperating with this society, has added upward of 1,146 titles in braille. With the volumes transcribed in New York Point and American Braille before that date, the total is now more than 2,000 volumes of ascetic, doctrinal, biblical works on art, biography, hagiography, history, literature, fiction, poetry, philosophy, ethics, and sociology, exclusive of upward of 2,270 liturgical and devotional books. All of these books are loaned, free of any charge, to any blind applicant—Catholic or non-Catholic—in the United States and Canada.

Besides continuing to publish the *Catholic Transcript for the Blind* in New York Point, the society publishes also, and sends free to any blind person desiring it, the *Catholic Review for the Blind*, a monthly magazine in braille.

The library is the only one of its kind in this great country of ours, and every day it answers the call of the sightless by sending out on an average of one hundred and fifty volumes a week, the books made possible by the gratuitous services of those who are willing to share their time and their great gift of sight in aiding those less favored. The government carries the volumes to and from a blind person, free of postal charges, offering its services in this way as its share in alleviating the heavy burden of blindness.

The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae through its Committee in Charge of Activities for the Blind teaches interested people throughout the United States to transcribe in braille and seeks subscriptions to finance the plating of books. A manual of instruction in braille (similar to that issued by the Red Cross) has been prepared and will be forwarded together with all necessary equipment (slate, stylus, paper, etc.) for a nominal sum to any prospective transcriber. Additional writers will be welcomed and further inquiries will be cheerfully answered.

For those who cannot devote time to learning and transcribing braille, a practical interest in this lay apostolate may be evinced in the annual card party to be held at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, October 12. The fund raised through this benefit will provide for the necessary equipment for teaching braille transcription absolutely free. Proofreading is also free. All inquiries

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for entries into braille classes this fall or to help the Commodore Card Party should be addressed to the International Chairman of Activities for the Blind, Miss Katherine F. O'Connor, 428 Claremont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I earnestly hope that zeal and interest in the work so close to our hearts has not caused the lengthening of this communication to unreasonable measure.

MARY HOOK MULLIN,
State Chairman of Braille,
N. Y. State Chapter, I.F.C.A.

ANOTHER AVIATION RECORD

Moline, Ill.

TO the Editor: Horace wrote:

"illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum."

He also must have felt "it was just plain unnatural for man to be . . . with no solid connection between him and the earth's crust" (COMMONWEAL, September 1, p. 418).

The attractions of a stroll through the air are in no wise less than those of a stroll through the woods, or than the diversities of a small sailing boat, provided you do the air strolling yourself, and pilot the sailing boat in person through the sky. An airliner is a bore, as much as an ocean liner or a Pullman, and is used for prosaic purposes only.

A matter of taste? So is all individual relaxation and appreciation of nature. The air is only as empty as the master's canvas for him who has no trained eyes to see its beauties, or to react to the artist's moods.

Consorting with the many-hued clouds; battling with the winds; bobbing up and down invisible waves; looking at the earth from way above to speculate on the titanic forces of the ice sheets that ground out the ridges and excavated the valleys; watching the glory of a sunset from an altitude of several thousand feet on a crisp bright fall evening; skirting an electric storm at a safe distance with a creepy feeling at the clash of elemental forces witnessed from a front seat; relaxing all by yourself in the wide open spaces of the air than which none are wider or more peaceful if you select your time as you select it for a spin on the water; these and other joys may be just plain unnatural to man. But they give one a grand and glorious feeling. And that for no greater outlay of money than is invested in a good sailboat.

P15638.

(Signature is my pilot's license.)

THE COMMONWEAL *requests its subscribers to communicate any change of addresses two weeks in advance to ensure the receipt of all issues.*

BOOKS

Buchmanism's Progress

The Oxford Group Movement, by Herbert Hensley Henson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00.

THIS is a little book, as fair as substantial, which contains a detailed examination of the self-styled "Oxford Group," and states not without regret its nonconformism. In common with most Oxonians, and my own estimation, the Bishop of Durham considers the title "Oxford Group" misleading, the movement being more exactly called "Buchmanism." The Bishop qualifies the sect by the term "Groupism" and definitely says it cannot "be brought into working harmony with the Church of England." "This movement," he says, "expresses a conception of Christ's religion which cannot be accomodated to the scheme of historic Christianity as the Church understands it." This decision of an Anglican authority is the result of patient investigation and consideration.

When he received an invitation to attend a house party at Darlington "under the guidance of the Holy Spirit," the unusual language of the printed paper "startled and offended" the Bishop of Durham. In consequence he sent for all the literature available on Buchmanism, and now publishes a carefully weighed criticism on the ambitious pretense of a house-parties religion. In terms moderate yet unequivocal he declares Groupism "gravely, even fatally, defective in three important respects": (1) "it ignores the demands of the intellect"; (2) "the movement is too closely bound to the needs and claims of adolescence"; (3) "the conception of Christianity which Groupism presents is far too meager and limited."

This booklet, written with grace, erudition and magnanimity, reveals a spirit of scrupulous analysis and even of charity. There are, however, some points which bear criticism. One is Dr. Henson's comparison of the Buchmanites to the Jesuits and Buchman to their general. Loyola did not found a new sect; on the contrary, by his obedience to the Church, he tried to check the disorder of his time. Furthermore, one can become a Jesuit only after a long novitiate in which the training of the intellect and the will plays a capital rôle, whereas one becomes a Buchmanite during one house-party through a nervous and imaginative strain. More serious is the apparently prominent part conceded by Dr. Henson to what he calls "personal religion," admitting, admiring and encouraging it. No Church could stand if the concept of personal religion were prevalent. The faith of the Christian in the unquestionableness of his religion springs from his clear knowledge that it is not his exclusive property, nor the lot of a group, a caste, a country, nor the privilege of a race, but the inalienable possession of the whole of mankind, to which it has been entrusted by God. It is based not on personal feeling but on Revelation. No doubt the Bishop of Durham meant by "personal religion" a quite different thing. He probably thought of "personal piety" or "personal devotion," without which there is no spiritual life in us.

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The most moving portion of this little book is its conclusion where, with profound humility and courageous sincerity, the author displays the insufficiencies and lacunae from which the historic and national Church, of which he is one of the high dignitaries, suffers. "Perhaps no Church in Christendom," he writes, "has by its history and legal constitution been so completely despiritualized. . . .We need desperately the recovery of spiritual fellowship." Yet may I dare to suggest that it is an excess of humility to believe, although condemning Buchmanism, that there is a lesson to be learned from it? New discouragements and renewed languor would follow too long a self-accusation. Better to turn from a spectacle of convulsion toward the serenity of a great metamorphosis. At the last page the author quotes the mysterious words of the Divine message to the Angel of the Church of Sardis, which, he assumes, "matches most closely the case of the Church of England": "These things saith he that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars: I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and thou art dead. Be thou watchful, and establish the things that remain, which were ready to die: for I have found no work of thine fulfilled before my God."

H. A. Jules-Bois.

One of the Magnificent

Harry P. Davison, by Thomas W. Lamont. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

THIS is at once a success story more magnificent and fascinating, because true, than any by Oliver Optic, and a saga of twentieth-century American big business. Mr. Lamont knows whereof he speaks in both cases. There are unfolded breath-taking financial operations, the syndicating of an approximately $100,000,000 debt of the city of New York, a giants' game of consolidating banks, of consolidating for the Allies their purchases in this country during the war and of organizing the Red Cross as one of the greatest money-raising agencies ever conceived and broadening the scope of its functions from the succor of the sick and wounded to more direct action for "winning the war."

All of this, surrounding the figure of the charming Harry Pomeroy Davison, partner in J. P. Morgan and Company, is described brilliantly, *con amore*. To anyone with even a modest grasp on events of our American scene since the turn of the century, it offers as interesting a biography as could be written. The character which the elder Morgan emphasized was his basis of judgment in making loans—and his business, he said to his new partner, he wanted conducted "up here," and he raised his hand high, not "down there," pointing to the ground—is well exemplified in Mr. Lamont's presentation of the character of Harry Davison. It is the same character which, in the midst of the recent senatorial inquiry, drew a fairly general note of admiration from the press for the personalities of Mr. Morgan and his partners. It involves rigid Puritan self-discipline and decency, combined with impeccable manners and a somewhat formal

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sense of humor. It is character with a purpose. It is the apotheosis of the practical man. It is not infallible, but simply more often than not it shows a profit on its operations. It is not complicated with mysticism or self-immolation or sociological theory. To deny, however, that given its own experience and special premises it is benevolent, would be either foolish or malicious. On the other hand, whether due to the conditions of a competitive, profit-making social order, its very perfectioning is not a menace to the multitudes who cannot attain such perfection, may be open to question. Apparently it contributes to stability and to the succor of those who cannot help themselves. How many of the latter it makes through a segregation of the means of acquiring a livelihood, is another problem.

Aside from these reflections which inevitably will arise in the minds of most persons today reading this book, Mr. Lamont has done an interesting and valuable thing. He presents from intimate acquaintance a case history of an ideal specimen of American big business man, who was genuinely much loved and trusted by those who knew him best. The type has come in for considerable popular abuse recently from those who have no first-hand information, so it is good to have this record by one who writes from experience.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

A Thesis Story

Great Winds, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

MR. POOLE'S new book is, first of all, a tract. All its story qualities, all its drama, even much of its characterization, are lost in its author's imperative desire to get across his burning convictions: that the pursuit of wealth sweeps aside ethical principles and eventually kills the soul of man and woman alike; that a refuge from the present turmoil is to be found only in some work, preferably of an artistic nature, but, above all, work for its own sake; and that better times are coming and that they are coming by means of an enlightened educational system which will prepare the individual, in view of his own temperament and his own ability, for a lifework to which he is suited. These are interesting and cheering contentions. Persons who hold them and work for them are needed, both in and out of books. But these contentions should not be too obvious. Persons in books, like persons in life, carry their own messages, their own apprehensions of values, about with them, discoverable by the skilful onlooker; but the more they shout their own convictions, the less influential (not to say, the less attractive) they become.

It is but fair to say that Mr. Poole's book has many stirring qualities. His understanding is profound and sympathetic; his purpose is fine and sincere; his writing is clear and excellent. But his thesis is more convincing than are his characters. The rich architect, his pampered, selfish wife with her crude and greedy love, his desperate daughter, whose ordinary small-town husband is losing

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his all, his philosophic brother who, by means of inexhaustible travel-talks, tries to give them all a beneficial picture of a tortured Europe—these are types, puppets, not people. It is unfortunate, too, that Mr. Poole has seen fit to employ the first person in his narrative. The preaching on the part of the philosophic brother becomes more annoying with the employment of the everlasting "I"; and the reader is likely to carry away the unpleasing (and I fear valid) impression that Mr. Poole's earnestness triumphs over his powers as a novelist.

All in all, the chief virtue of his novel is the fact that it gives rise to serious questions of literary criticism: Is fiction a safe vehicle for propaganda? Is not the Anglo-Saxon writer too earnest by nature to be entrusted with a thesis? Can we not readily think of a score of books which excoriate the mind and soul with their own awful "message" but which never descend to preaching or to propaganda-peddling: "The Scarlet Letter," "Jude the Obscure," "Ethan Frome"? Was not Hardy right when he said that the art of the novelist should be to record impressions rather than convictions? Thus Mr. Poole has stimulated our thinking, even if he has not satisfied our conception of what a novel should be.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

A Great Encyclopaedia

Der Grosse Herder. Volume 4: Eisenhutte-Gant. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $9.50.

IT IS difficult to say more concerning the general virtues of Herder's new general encyclopaedia than has already been expressed in enthusiastic COMMONWEAL reviews. Perhaps the character of the present volume can best be described by offering a few samples. Thus the article on "Film" exemplifies the modernity of this reference work. Every stage in the process underlying the motion picture is described and illustrated, so that a reader even finds rows of movie-star faces for his instruction and (in some cases) pleasure. The accompanying comment is a lucid and valuable estimate of the film art.

More serious are the lengthy and admirable articles on French history, literature, art and music. Although, as one might expect, the estimate of recent French political action is not favorable, the review of cultural matters is well-informed and most friendly. An example of articles specifically interesting to Catholics is afforded by the concise and able summary of Free-thought and Atheism. Featured are several short practical treatises on medical and scientific subjects. Thus the rubric on "Nutrition" in the present volume is complete and reliable.

Once again we may express our unqualified admiration for the usableness, completeness and attractive format of these volumes. If this were only a biographical dictionary, the number of its summaries and formats would render the work decidedly useful. But of course it is much more—is, indeed, everything that a modern encyclopaedia could desirably be. The price, in view of the excellence of what is offered, seems very low.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Sheed & Ward

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Briefer Mention

..The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WHAT is there left to say of the verse of Lewis Carroll? He has become as authoritative a figure in his own field as Shakespeare is in his—and that in a much shorter time; which means that he has been discovered so often, appreciated so widely, loved so devotedly and quoted so incessantly that any praise is a platitude and any analysis a work of supererogation. The faithful Carrollian will fall upon this collection (which is complete, well printed, and illustrated by the original drawings of Frost, Holiday, Furniss, the author and especially, of course, Tenniel), with cries of delight. Here he will find old favorites, whether they be "A Sea Dirge" or the delicious "Hiawatha's Photographing," "Poeta Nascitur" or the immortal "Alice" lyrics or "The Hunting of the Snark." Here he will find, too, the inexhaustibly ingenious acrostics, medleys and parodies with which the scholarly mathematical don varied the more open and elfin fun of the other verse. Lovers of high literary nonsense who have not been able to afford the larger and de luxe sets of Carroll owe thanks to the Macmillan Company for bringing out this volume.

The Testament of Light, by Gerald Bullett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THIS book is so profoundly simple as to be, almost beyond apprehension, complex. The compiler's thesis is perhaps too intricately documented. But through what dark and enormous depths do the roots of the religious spirit river out their branches and into what reaches of subtle heaven do their bright tenuities extend. And so the compiler who follows is forced to choose intricately to get all these ramifications into words, which, I take it, is the purpose of this book, a purpose of futility, of course, but infinitely fascinating. Reading the easy blurbs someone might get the idea that this collection was just the thing for family prayers, whereas there are at least a dozen pieces included which are much too esoteric in thought for any average perception. But these same pieces, rather than detracting from, increase the value of this gathering, which is one essentially for meditation.

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